The Sunday Tribune's News and Reviews of Books and Authors

Booming Bolivia

By Kenneth Fuessle

SIX YEARS IN BOLIVIA. By A. V. L. Guise. New York: E. P. Dutton. 1922. Illustrated. $7.
ADVENTURES IN BOLIVIA. By C. H. Prodgers. Introduction by R. B. Cunningham Graham. New York: Dodd-Mead. 1922. $3.50. Photographs and color sketches by author.
THREE ASSES IN BOLIVIA. By Lionel Portman. New York: Houghton-Mifflin. 1922. $4. Illustrated.

THE almost simultaneous publication of three volumes of travel and adventure in a little known and sparsely populated South American country suggests immediately that the country is of particular present-day interest. Upon inquiry, such interest is found to be threefold: Remarkable natural resources, foreign (many of which are American) investments and recent loans by American bankers aggregating some twenty-odd millions of dollars.

Bolivia, midway down the western coast of South America, includes an area that approximates the combined areas of France and Spain. While literally on the coast, it has no ports of its own, having lost such important commercial points through wars with its more powerful neighbors. Its population, half Indian, numbers about three million.

From the standpoint of natural resources, Bolivia contains almost unlimited supplies of "tin, copper, gold, silver, tungsten, in the mountains; oil in the low country; coffee, sugar, cocoa, grain, in the valleys, as well as pasture for huge herds of cattle." Another interesting though not natural resource is the supposedly vast amount of buried treasure running back to days of Spanish and the earlier Inca conquests. This wealth, however, but partially accounts for currently stimulated interest; similar wealth is present in many other sections of the southern American continent.

Nor in itself does the foreign fortune privately invested in mines, plantations and commercial ventures justify any unusual American interest; such investments, again, are general throughout all of Central and South America. One looks further, and the following paragraph, quoted from "The Freeman" of October 11, seems to admit far more light upon the subject: "Bolivia has already obtained a loan of $24,000,000, in return for which American bankers have stepped into the Banca de la Nacion, and a commission of three members, including two Americans, has been appointed to take command of the revenues and fiscal affairs of the nation." If this is true Americans may well regard Bolivia with an actual and increasing interest. The country — and its future — deserves watching; and intelligent watching will require some knowledge of the land itself.

With its remarkable range of climate and altitude, Bolivia presents a remarkable geographic aspect. C. H. Prodgers divides it very simply into four zones according to altitudes. The first consists of peaks and mountains above the snow line, the highest peak being something over 20,000 feet. The second zone is the plateau region, varying from 8,000 to 14,000 feet, possessed of the "purest atmosphere in the world," a mining country, noted also for its exportations of chinchilla furs. The third zone, semi-tropical valleys, offers a mild climate that permits the raising of "all kinds of fruit" and offers much game. The fourth includes low lying lands of the Beni, Madeiro, Mamore, Tipauni, Challana and other tributaries of the Amazon, and lands sloping to the River Paraguay. "This [the fourth zone] is a great rubber country in the interior; very beautiful and very unhealthy. To get to it you have to cross the highest ranges of the Andes. There is plenty of game, but it is very hard to get at."

Of the three volumes covered in this review "Six Years in Bolivia" is by far the most informative and important. A. V. L. Guise studied mining engineering at Columbia and Lehigh universities after receiving his earlier education in Europe and England. About ten years ago he was sent to Bolivia as representative of an English mining syndicate, where first he managed a tin mine. Later, after a short period of road building, he supervised the erection of a dredge for gold on one of the lesser tributaries of the Amazon. Though his activities were limited to the northwestern section of Bolivia, his account of the country appears to be broad and complete, covering a wide range of subjects that include not only types of mining, but manners of travel through mountains, plains, jungles and rivers, as well as descriptions of native tribes and methods of living.

In the six years of work he functioned not only as an engineer but as doctor, judge, merchant and chief. His experiences brought him into close contact with natives, with "tropical tramps"—whites, with more fondness for drink and travel than for work—with major and minor Bolivian officials, and with numerous other Americans or Europeans like himself engaged as representatives of foreign mining and trade syndicates. Recurrent attacks of malarial fever forced him eventually to leave the country.

Mr. Guise writes competently; his incidents and anecdotes are chosen with the skill of a man of letters. A brief quotation from his jungle notes will suffice as an example of his colorful descriptive passages: "Overhead, a low-hung sky of darkest purple and of rose-leaf texture. . . . On every side is the age-old jungle, dark and mysterious, brooding as if it were a living thing, girdled by the broad river that gleams and flashes in the moonlight. Palm leaves, stirred by the faint breeze, are rustling softly, with a dry, sibilant sound, as though ghosts were whispering. On a breath from the forest is borne a perfume sweet and memory-haunting, which lingers for a moment and is gone. Now and again, distinct from the noises of the night, come the long, shrill whistle of the tapir and the savage miouw of a hungry tiger-cat. There is a crashing and swishing in the trees that edge the clearing, and the dark forms of a troop of lemurs can be distinguished, leaping in the topmost branches, uttering, at the sight of man, their short, coughing danger signal." . . .

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"Adventures in Bolivia" deals with the experiences of its author, C. H. Prodgers, an Englishman, in charge of a large racing stable in Chile, who in 1903 was engaged to explore the Challana country (the Challana is one of the Amazon tributaries flowing through northwestern Bolivia) and to arrange with the savage tribe of that name for large scale exportation of rubber. Hitherto rubber had been exported in rather a haphazard and small way by the Indians and their outlaw white allies. Every other white man who had endeavored to negotiate with the Indians of the section had been driven out, and some had lost their lives. Mr. Prodgers, a huge fellow, no less a good sport than a good sportsman, succeeded in his mission in spite of being suspected as a government spy, winning the Indians to his side after a two hours' speech before hundreds of the natives assembled to treat with him. An ironic end to his dangerous journey and hard-won agreement was the failure of his employers to avail themselves of concessions granted. His later adventures in fruitlessly seeking buried treasure conclude the volume.

The book is attractive for its simple frankness throughout. Occasional passages bubble with unconscious humor and practical but droll comment and suggestions. In addition to a score of photographs are a half dozen naive and attractive color sketches by the author.

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"Three Asses in Bolivia" is a tediously humorous and generally uninteresting travel book of the "I might better have stayed at home" sort. The author was bored and discommoded from the time he left England, during his various trips through South America, during his short stay in Bolivia, where his most important travel adjunct was a bottle of scent carried in self-protection against the stench of the towns and their inhabitants, to the time he and his wife, referred to as "The Half," returned with a shipload of wealthy South Americans and British "bounders." The international manana of the southern continent was a great trial, as were its strikes, its "Bolshevik" labor leaders and its signs of German influence. The author suffers from a severe attack of post-war Hunphobia.

Near the end of the book—it would have been somewhat more fortunate had he assumed his armament at the beginning—Mr. Portman explains his travel attitude by applying these remarks to the content of his work: "If any one tells me that this is an insular point of view . . . I most cordially agree with him. Insular I am and propose to remain. For the longer I live and the more I see of other nations the more I am persuaded that England is the only country in the world and the English and Scotch the only people. Time after time, both in war and in peace, the thing is proved. . . . I defy the world to produce anything like our combination of character and capacity. For generosity, courage, readiness, business honesty, treatment of women, charity, sense of duty, honor, humor, cleanliness, cheerfulness, capability and high mind and level head, all the tests by which a nation can be judged, where in the world will you find men like ours, or, still more emphatically, women?"

The cause for interest in Bolivia is perhaps made clear. Another question presents itself and "I defy the world" to answer it: Why are there written such "travel" books as "Three Asses in Bolivia"?

Magazine Verse

THE BOOKMAN ANTHOLOGY OF VERSE. By John Farrar. Doran.

IF YOU want to know the trend of current poetry you do not have to read a dull tome on the subject by some aspirant to a Ph. D. Instead, there is "The Bookman Anthology of Verse" which John Farrar, with discerning judgment, has compiled from "The Bookman's" poetry files over a period of the last eighteen months. And since most of the important American poets, and a few British, contribute to "The Bookman," this volume is representative of the best contemporary verse.

Not only may you know what our best poets are up to, but you may meet them as well. For Mr. Farrar, who by acquaintance or correspondence knows all of them, has sketched, briefly and with revealing phrase, a picture of each poet in advance of his contribution, adding thereby a charmingly intimate touch to a book already informal in the arrangement of its material. Happy is the effect. After reading that Milton Raison is a dark-haired youth of eighteen and, like Roderick Random, with adventure at sea to create around him a picaresque legend, one is prepared to find in his sonnet "Baffled" traces of autobiography in miniature. Elinor Wylie is pictured as a pale, slender woman, "modest, withdrawn and shy." The elusive personalities of Sara Teasdale, Amy Lowell, John Dos Passos, Aline Kilmer, the Benéts and many others are caught in the noose of a swift, sure phrase.

Of all the verses—and there is variety to tempt many tastes—the reviewer liked best Louis Untermeyer's "Dorothy Dances." It is as rapid and vivid as a dream, with the breathless freedom of one of Brahms's Hungarian dances.

Mr. Farrar, in a modest preface to his anthology, asks that we leaf it through. It is no onerous task he requests, so attractively has he presented his offering. Indeed, one might hesitate carrying the book into the street, for its cover is bright yellow, splashed with the blue of flag-lilies. But poetry is most frequently read before the fire during the winter months and the volume will harmonize nicely with the colorful furnishings of the modern home.

EDWARD L. DONAHOE.

An American Opera

CO-O-ZA. By Theodore Sterns. The Cornhill Publishing Company, Boston.

IF MR. GATTI-CASAZZA wants to add a real novelty to the productions to be offered at the Metropolitan Opera House this season, he should communicate with Theodore Stearns, an American composer, who has just completed a grand opera entitled "Co-o-za."

In his quest for grand operatic material of distinctly American flavor, Mr. Stearns has wisely shunned the Indian legends which have seduced so many composers to their artistic doom. The American Indian seems to us to be representative neither of American civilization nor temperament, nor yet of the background from which we are sprung.

Instead of going to the redskin, Mr. Stearns has gone thousands of years further back and has seized upon Atlantis, the continent supposed to have occupied a space extending from Egypt to Wyoming, including the area now covered by the Atlantic Ocean. To the Atlantis idea the composer has joined the Edgar Allan Poe idea, and, thus equipped as to material, he has approached his task with the additional equipment of being able to write convincing dramatic dialogue and to compose a fitting score.

The scene opens in a Broadway theatre, then shifts for the two main acts to Atlantis just before its fall, and closes with an epilogue again laid on Broadway. If Joseph Urban ever gets hold of "Co-o-za," he will have stage pictures to work with that Wagner never dreamed of. The savage splendor of the Atlantis settings, combining gorgeous architectural cunning with sophisticated ease, would engross the gifted Urban.

Theodoro Stearns was born in Ohio and conducted grand opera as a youth in Bavaria; he has conducted many light operas on Broadway, including Kreisler's "Apple Blossoms." He is now musical critic for "The Chicago Herald and Examiner."

"Co-o-za," happily, is not overloaded with the melodramatic claptrap that has remained so persistently identified with grand opera. The names of the characters are intended to suggest the nomenclature of 10,000 years B. C., and are constructed of simple hyphenated sounds. The approaching fall of Atlantis is adroitly handled, and the slender volume, strangely enough the work of an American journalist and composer, is well worth a place on those bookshelves that keep away from the obvious and the popular.

NEWTON FUESSLE

James Joyce, author of "Ulysses," "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" and "Dubliners," caricatured by Stuart Davis

Miss Brown's "Old Crow"

By A. Donald Douglas

OLD CROW. By Alice Brown. Macmillan.

WHEN the universe disclosed its coil of barren pain to Ivan Karamazov he respectfully returned the ticket. He could not accept the world as anything but the torture chamber of the Grand Inquisitor, nor in the earlier and weaker manner of Raskolnikov did he ever find peace out of pain or benevolent design in a nature founded on mutual destruction. Madness was the price of his rebellion, but he preserved the scathless passion of his soul that would come to no terms with the heartless mystery of life.

In the preliminary chapters of Miss Alice Brown's "Old Crow" John Raven likewise returns the ticket. He cannot accept the world after the war, or a hateful legacy binding him to administer a sentimental charity. In the bleak uplands of New England he hopes to find that quietude and reassurance denied him by the disillusion following the war. Instead he is meshed in the sinister network of a new tragedy.

To his hillside cabin comes Tira Tenney, uncouth in grammar and lovely in appearance, fleeing from the jealous madness of a husband who has "found" religion. Raven's hermitage is further complicated by the arrival of Nan Hamilton, whom in his vigorous middle age he loves and does not know that he loves, and young Richard Powell, a rather futile young man who writes poetry.

In despite of his rejection of the world Raven busies himself in the Tenneys until the inevitable comes to pass in the sad fashion of these New England dramas. Nan refuses young Powell, but still Raven does not relax from his scrupulous bachelorhood. In an effort to kill Raven Tenney shoots young Powell, and then smothers the baby. Tira drowns herself in the convenient mountain stream; young Powell recovers and joins the reconstruction work in France, and Raven finally brings himself to say, "Kiss me, my Nan."

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Through the interminable leisure of Miss Brown's recital sounds mournfully the old sorrowful dilemma of the world. How can we trace the intention of a divine beneficence in a universe steeped in death? At first John Raven does return the ticket, though not respectfully; but it turns out to be a return-trip ticket, and he comes to "adore and accept" the universe through the discovery of a manuscript written by Old Crow, the former occupant of his cabin.

The school of New England fiction owes its inspiration largely to maids marooned in middle life, farmsteads vowed to mortgages, and the garrulous wisdom of "queer" characters. Old Crow is no exception to the established rule. He is another of the "queer 'uns" without whom no tale of the New Egland village is complete. In his very odd moments he writes a dairy of metaphysical speculations couched in the vernacular rather more than less. When Raven acquires this diary we must not prepare ourselves for the shuddery tales which diaries found in moldering attics are wont so delightfully to unfold. Old Crow does not give us another "Melmoth the Wanderer" or (despite his name) "MS. Found in a Bottle" or even "Northanger Abbey." His chronicle negotiates only the sternest inquiries into the destiny of man.

Old Crow has refused the world; but by the coming of an inner light he is won to the mysterious ways of Providence. He questions, but he accepts; he adores, even when the rabbit's scream in the claws of the owl tells him its leit-motif of horror informing the supposed harmony of things. Old Crow directs the narrative like an influential and inspired yogi fathomless in wisdom. In him the New England dead command. Whensoever Raven is torn with doubt of the half-mad Tenney, the inarticulate but ever lovely Tira, the impulsive and resourceful Nan, the blundering young Powell, who is it that unwinds the tangled doom of fate? Old Crow himself rides in the whirlwind and so directs the storm that although Tira dies, yet is Tenney saved by forgiveness, young Powell by the "leaping intelligence" of France, and Nan by love.

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With all respect to Miss Brown's deep seriousness and always admirable competency of style, it must be confessed that Old Crow is too impeccable in prophecy, too often quoted and consulted, a deus ex machia always getting down from the driver's seat to start the clogged engine, a veritable bogey resolving the grotesque alternatives of life into a luminous pattern of final ecstacy. No manuscript could so print its screed into the substance of the present. No ghostly dead hand could so often pat the quick on the back and send them tripping down the rose-bloomed paths of happiness. Old Crow is too good to be true, and too dead to be so oracular. No one wants to impeach Miss Brown's conscientious workmanship, her all too careful exposition of human motives, the ordered technique of her deliberate prose. Yet this ancient scribbler is too simple a device for solving the riddles of existence.

Old Crow is simply an ectoplasmic compound made up of all the fairy godmothers and rich uncles from Australia and upright judges and open sesames and gods of the machine and invisible kings of literature. Ivan Karamazov gave only his just and sober due to the rusty devil who brought back from the other world tales so appallingly different from Sir Conan Doyle's joyous news from nowhere. Miss Brown, however, gives "Old Crow" not only the far-off interest of tears, but the entire capital. We beg leave to protest that "Old Crow" is altogether too very much of a muchness.

Delaware

DELAWARE AND THE EASTERN SHORE. By Edward Noble Vallandigham. J. P. Lippincott Company.

THE early history of the peninsula is here summarized mainly to make clear the interrelation of its parts and the relation of the whole to its neighbors and to the country at large. This book does not pretend to be a history of Delaware and the Eastern states. That history has been written in large and in little by many competent hands, but it contains much historical matter introduced by way of illustrating phases of industrial and social development, and there are personal and local incidents and anecdotes illustrative of the character and temperament distinguishing a people isolated in some measure for three centuries by the peninsular geography of their home. It is an interpretation of the rare and somewhat elusive charm of a region distinguished by the variety of its quiet landscapes, the rich freshness of its woodlands and the unique beauty of its waters.

Recent Sea Fiction

By Milton Raison

BLACK PAWL. By Ben Ames Williams. Dutton & Co.
VANDERDECKEN. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. McBride & Co.

"BLACK PAWL," by Ben Ames Williams is the sort of book, a picturization of which you are sure you saw in the movies once. If not, you are sure you are going to see it in the movies. That's what the book is: a movie yarn. The appropriate characters are all included. Even the jacket blurb calls it "A strong, rough story about strong, rough men and a woman." Without looking into the book you know that no matter how rough the men or how strong the story the woman remains a woman throughout it all—God bless her; The plot is calculated to stir great emotions.

Black Pawl is the captain of a schooner. Red Pawl is his son and first mate, who hates him. Dan Darrin is the second mate, who has blue eyes, has never been drunk and believes in God. To this Schooner comes a South Sea missionary and his ward, who want to sail for home. The scene is set and the action begins. Like a good movie book the action is interspersed with subtitles. For instance:

"He was eager to read each chapter and each page of her Book of Life. But something—perhaps it was her own reticence—held his tongue."

"There was a flame before us, and when we stepped into that flame, hand in hand, we burned like welding metals. Burned, yet were not consumed! And we were welded like the metals, flesh and flesh, soul and soul."

The dènouement is terrifying. Black Pawl tries to kiss Ruth, the maiden, in her cabin. She submits and something creeps into his heart. It is an instinct. Later he discovers he is right. The girl is his long lost daughter. As a wind-up Red Pawl has Black Pawl killed, Black Pawl kills Red Pawl while he is dying, the man who killed Black Pawl dies in irons, Ruth marries Dan Darrin, and a just God looks down benignly on it all.

Just as we have a vague feeling that we've seen the story screened, we have a vague feeling that we've read worse books. But we can't exactly remember when, nor why.

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The other book, "Vanderdecken," by H. de Vere Stacpoole, is somewhat better. This too is written with one eye on the movies. Vanderdecken is a modern pirate who holds up yachts and robs the passengers. The book opens with Hank Fisher and George Du Cane organizing an expedition to catch Vanderdecken and win the $25,000 reward. They are joined by a third man, Bob Candon, who comes at the last moment. Candon, it latter develops, is Vanderdecken. He really robbed yachts in a Robin Hood sort of way, not because he was a criminal. There is a girl too, a movie actress, who falls in love with Candon.

Candon gets into pretty serious trouble several times. But when he does you grin happily, because you know he is going to be vindicated. Despite the obvious situation, the book is good reading. Stacpoole has humor, an easy Sunday mazagine style and an eye for tricks that hold the reader. Some of the revelations are startling, and there are times when you wonder how on earth Vanderdecken is going to get out of his present mess. But he does it, and the way he does it is quite original.

As interpretations of sea life both "Vanderdecken" and "Black Pawl" make good scenarios.

The New Republics

THE RED GARDEN. By Henning Kehler. Translated from the Danish by Frithjof Toksvig. Alfred A. Knopf.
GERMANY IN TRAVAIL. By Otto Manthey-Zorn. Amherst Books. Marshall Jones Company.

THE first realization that comes to one in reading the above books is the difference in the reconstruction period between Russia and Germany. "The Red Garden," which paints the portraits of the Russian peasant, merchant, soldier and small official reacting to Bolshevism, is written by a young Danish diplomat who visited Russia in an official capacity. The sketches are brilliantly written. Sometimes the brilliancy is carried to a point of brittleness. Coming from an organized, peaceful country, the Dane has a contempt for the conditions he finds, which sometimes adds spice to his portraiture, but sometimes annoys the reader very much. But for the most part the book is delightful reading.

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In reading books that have to do with social disturbances one is usually bored by long passages of pageantic description wherein the author fails to catch the color of that which he wishes to describe. To see this difficulty admirably surmounted, read "The Red Garden." Kehler has an ingenious pattern of phrasing, particularly in description, which holds the eye. His chapter on Russian cavalry, for instance, is a masterpiece. Here the author drops every trace of a supercilious tone. He becomes warm and sympathetic and succeeds in making the cavalry march across the pages.

His characters, which are obviously caricatures, give the impression of being skillfully drawn. The chapter on "The Red Garden," the heart of the book, is without doubt the finest. It acts as a core around which the other chapters are built. The narrative of the Soviet leader who passionately makes a speech defending the man "who for two thousand years innocently had been chained to the pillory of a capitalistic interpretation of history" comes as a thrilling climax as gripping as any detective story, when the orator unveils the statue of Judas Iscariot! Then the people shout, and the bands play, while the mad leader runs down to kiss his people. The clamor and the passion are interpreted in a manner that sweeps the reader away with admiration.

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Throughout the book the author brings to view a chaotic Russia that is nowhere near the solution of its problem. His visit having terminated in the early part of 1919 makes his stories a little out of date. But the attitude of the Russian is undoubtedly the same to the present day. One gathers from Kehler that the once imperial country is now a land of débris, hunger, tragedy and death of ideals and hope. The essence is tragic. One regrets the talented and artistic Russian who has gone to his ruin. At times Kehler breaks through and weeps with the reader. He holds out no hope or a successful reconstruction. The book is almost an epitaph.

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BUT in turning to "Germany in Travail" there is hope in every page. Professor Otto Manthey-Zorn, of the German department, was sent by Amherst College to Germany in the summer of 1920. He remained till the winter of 1921 interviewing public personages, watching the reconstruction, sounding the political and artistic endeavor of the people, and his book contains the report. Professor Manthey-Zorn has done his job thoroughly. His book is a sincere and well-written piece of academic journalism. One marvels at the dogmatism and solidity of the German people. Though the pressure of a social and economic upheaval was not so great on Germany as on Russia, Germany had the problem of diplomatic compromise to face that threatened to crush it as a nation. Russia, with its absolute extremism, escaped that. Yet, by Professor Manthey-Zorn's book, one sees that Germany has borne up under the yoke admirably. This was due in a good measure to the fact that the country did not go to pieces physically, as did Russia. Germany's problems were mainly mental. The split in Conservative and Socialistic ranks did not manifest itself actively enough to ruin that country. The government is insecure while factions quarrel among themselves incessantly. The average citizen is stubborn and dogmatic. He refuses to be swerved from his political beliefs. He refuses to compromise. And in the drama and younger generation he will find, if not a solution, at least a stabilization of his problems Professor Manthey-Zorn devotes the heart of his book to a discussion of art in Germany. He points out how the extreme radicalism, if not inanity of dadaism, which grew into a powerful fad, and the protective conservatism of the university group turning to the Middle Ages and Catholicism are tempered by the modern educational system, which has been elaborated to take in workmen's organizations. Plays will be studied first by having them read by prominent actors. For music skilled orchestras will be used. There will be museum excusions and a resurrection of the Wandervogel, the organization of youths that was so powerful before the war.

New Books Received

THE COASTS OF ROMANCE. By Crosbie Garstin. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

THE above book is one of the most delightful accounts of travel we have ever seen. Crosbie Garstin, who is known to "Punch" readers as "Patlander," combines so much humor with the geography and history the book contains that the reader is instructed painlessly. If the reader refuses to be instructed, he can give himself up to amusement. There are times, very few times, when Crosbie lays it on a bit thick. In fact, he will recite a story one hears in music halls in order to illustrate his point.

But he does this with a magnitude that is charming, and doesn't ask for belief. The language is racy, the expressions colloquial. Very often there is a phrase of beauty tucked in among the slapstick. Crosbie has a knack of describing in flashes, which is a relief after the broad canvasses of the other travel books. The story he tells is about a trip through Spain and Morocco, both countries apparently having vast humorous possibilities. The trains are composed of toy cars and an engine, which lies waiting for applause after it has accomplished a hill. The mere figure of a policeman is sufficient to cause tears of laughter to form in the eyes of the beholder.

One gains the impression after reading the book that there never were such funny countries on the face of the earth. If you are jaded with the obvious humor of our threaters and newspapers, pack up your trunk and go to Morocco. There you will live and die laughing. If you want romance, dark alleys full of black-eyed senoritas, bull fights covering an acre with gore, ancient mausoleums, lacy temples of Arab construction, relics of the Inquisition—go to Spain. There one sips red and purple wines, comes to his hotel in the wee hours of the morning and fights statues hulking in the hallways, mistaking them for marauders.

Also, would you be moved to verse, as Crosbie was, just go

"Down Channel"—down the foam-besprent
Blue highway to Romance.

The verse that illustrates the book is good, but rather conscious as though Crosbie felt he had to write a poem about certain things like skies and senoritas. He is in his best style when he writes:

When passengers lie pale and prone
with cushions on their middles;
When soup abruptly jumps the plates
and soup plates jump the fiddles;
When ladies live on malted milk and
gentlemen on whisky,
Then you're in the Bay of Biscay O!
in the Bay of Biscay.

The book, though, is one of the few travel books that will hold a reader's interest from cover to cover. So if you can't go to Morocco or Fez, there's an excellent substitute within reach.

THE TRAIL OF THE WHITE MULE. By B. M. Bower. Little, Brown & Co.
CARNAC'S FOLLY. By Sir Gilbert Parker. J. B. Lippincott Company.

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A thoroughly Western writer whose work has never received its just due is B. M. Bower. She has never professed to be anything but a spinner of yarns to divert an idle hour, but there has always been an authenticity about them, a genuine smell of sagebrush and saddle leather, which many of her more pretentious rivals lack. Her humor, too, is native and unforced, and lingers in the mind. I forget how many years it is since I read a short story of hers entitled "The Coming and Going of Almighty Voice," but I have not forgotten the story. She used to write about Montana chiefly; but her last tale, "The Trail of the White Mule," is laid in southern California and deals with rum runners instead of cattle rustlers; so much of old lawlessness lingers along that desert border land. It is really a series of short stories, with the same hero, Casey Ryan, ex-prospector turned revenue agent for fun, throughout. And it is not quite so good as her Montana tales. It is as if she were looking for a theme, instead of writing out of the store of her memories, and thought this would do. Or is it the blight of the movies that has fallen on her?

About the case of Sir Gilbert Parker there can be no more doubt than the Lady of Shalott felt when she cried: "The curse has come upon me!" "Carnac's Folly" has nothing in common with his earlier work except the author's name. It is hard, indeed, to believe that he actually wrote it. The plot might not seem too preposterous if it were not so baldly presented, but where are those suavities of phrasing wherewith Sir Gilbert used to clothe his melodrama?

For a sample of his present method take such sentences as these: "This she did for many days, and sat with her hair down and bared neck, as Handsome and modest as a female martyr should." Should what? one asks wildly. Further on: "Carnac, overcome by the sadness, put his arms around her and kissed her mouth, her eyes, her neck ravenously." On this performance the lady commented: "No man but my father has ever kissed me before. It makes me, oh, so miserable!" A hard lot, certainly, for a young girl. But she had had a previous wooer: "He made it clear I could have all the luxuries money could buy—except marriage!" To be sure, marriage is something of a luxury. And so are novels; a fact which authors should bear constantly in mind. They can be dispensed with.

To criticize this one at length were cruelty. And to relate the plot would leave nothing for the reader's discovery. Sir Gilbert's recent defense of the movies is truly magnanimous in view of what they have done to him as a novelist.

IN LOTUS LAND JAPAN. By Herbert G. Ponting. Dutton.
THE ESSENTIALS OF AMERICAN GOVERNMENT. By Francis Newton Thorpe. Putnam.
THE GLORY OF ENGLISH PROSE. By Stephen Coleridge. Putnam.
AN OLD WOLF'S FAVORITES. By Sir Robert Baden-Powell. Lippincott.
DO'S AND DON'TS FOR THE PLAYWRIGHT. By Fanny Cannon. Denison.
MY AIN LADDIE. By David Dorley. Stratford Company.
RADIO RECEPTION. By Harry J. Marx and Adrian Van Muffling. Putnam.
STORIES FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT. By Caroline Kellogg. Bobbs-Merrill.
HIDDEN WATERS. By Bernard Raymund. Yale University Press.
TATLINGS. By Sydney Tremayne. Dutton.
BEHIND MY LIBRARY DOOR. By Dr. G. C. Williamson. Dutton.
BOBBY OF CLOVERFIELD FARM. By Helen Fuller Orton. Stokes.
ENRICO CARUSO. By Pierre V. R. Key and Bruno Zirato. Little-Brown.
DAYS OF THE COLONISTS. By L. Lamprey. Stokes.
TWIN TRAVELERS IN CHINA AND JAPAN. By Mary H. Wade. Stokes.
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